

RE MEDIUM MELANCHOLIE,  
OR THE  
Remedy of Melancholy.  
BEING A  
CHOICE COLLECTION  
OF  
NEW SONGS:  
WITH A

*Thorow-Bass for the Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

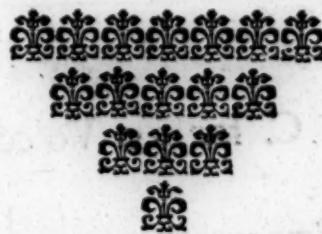
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Composed by *John Wolfgang Franck.*

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THE FIRST BOOK.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, and are to be sold by the Author, living  
at Mr. Bond's a Barber in *Lothbury*. 1690.

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Love is a Fellow, clad all in yellow,  
The Canker-worm of the mind ;  
A privy mischief, and such a fly Thief,  
No man knows where him to find.

276631

20

### A C. for 12 Voices.



Come, let us Sing, let us Spring, let us drink a good Health to our King.

anvil nodusA oblique Mordet on 8th  
.0201 quodlibet and nodus A

M16<sup>0</sup>  
F82  
case 31

W

E - vad - ne, I must tell you so, you are too Cru - el grown,  
no smiles, nor pi - ty you be - stow; but Death but Death in e - v'ry frown,  
my love, though Chast and Constant to, yet no re - lief can find, curst be the  
Slave that's false to you, though you are still un - kind.

2.

Were you as merciful as fair,  
My wishes wou'd obtain ;  
But love I must, tho' I despair,  
And perish in the pain,  
If in an Age I can prevail,  
I happy then shall be,  
And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail,  
To wait Eternally.

B

## The same Song Inverted.

II.

Were you as gentle as you are Fair,  
 I'd strive your Love to gain,  
 But I can never Court Despair,  
 Nor cherish needless pain.  
 If in a Week I cou'd prevail,  
 Then I might happy be,  
 But Love and Patience both will fail,  
 To wait Eternally.

T H E Heart you left when you took mine, proves such a bu - sie Guest, a bu - sie



Guest, unless I do all Pow'r re - - sign, unless I do all Pow'r re - - sign, it



will not let me rest, it will not let me rest.



II.  
Is my whole Family disturbs,  
Turns all my Thoughts away,  
My stoutest Resolution curbs,  
Makes Judgment to obey:  
If Reason interpose her pow'r,  
Alas! so weak she is,  
She's check'd with one small soft Amour,  
And conquer'd with a Kiss.



T Ush never tell me I'm too young for lo - ving, or too green, She



stays at least Ten Year too long that's Wedded at Four-teen, Lambs bring forth Lambs, &



:S:



Doves bring Doves as soon as they'r be - got - ten, then why shou'd La - dies



II.

Gray Hairs are fitter for the Grave,  
Then for the Bridal Bed;  
What pleasure can a Lover have  
In a wither'd Maidenhead?  
Nature's exalted in our time,  
And what our Grandams then  
At four and twenty scarce cou'd climb  
We can arrive at Ten.



lin - ger Loves, as if not ripe till rotten.



A stel - la bright I saw her sit, be-yond the Ri - ver side, her Beauties light ad  
 dorning it with purpling streams did glide, she sight and cry'd, make hast a - way, then  
 morning blushes Rose, I'de sooner try'd if known she lay, and then a smile did close.

A Shepherd straight his Crook laid by,  
 And kindly did resort;  
 No long debate he need to try,  
 But soon began the Sport,  
 Till tyrd with bliss, they gave it o're,  
 And then to Kissing fall;  
 She sigh'd at this, and crav'd for more,  
 Still, still for more did call.

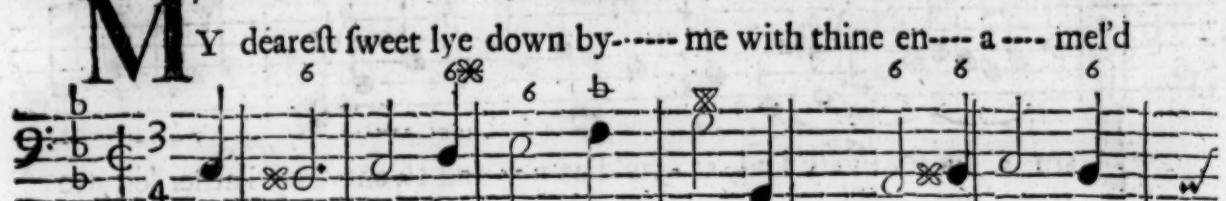
Not satisfied, till loves sweet stream  
 Was quite exhausted, then  
 Forc'd to divide from loves sweet dream  
 But soon they meet again;  
 And with fresh Joys renew the bliss,  
 Whilst pleasing shades are spread;  
 So love decoys with happiness,  
 To win a Maidenhead.

2.

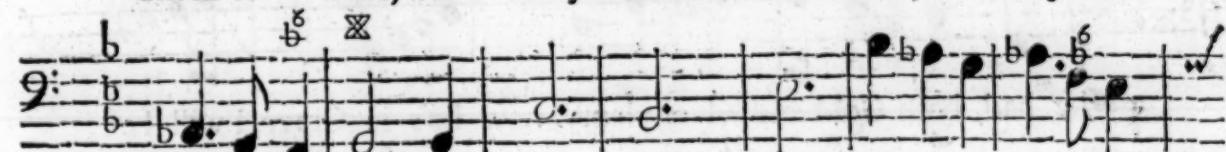
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 But soon they meet again;  
 And with fresh Joys renew the bliss,  
 Whilst pleasing shades are spread;  
 So love decoys with happiness,  
 To win a Maidenhead.



Cheek to---- mine, while I my Soul breath in--to thee, and ev'ry kiss



re- turns me thine, our Bodies we'll in plea-sures lull and active dal - li - ances prove, for



why ? thy Face is not more full of Beauty, than I am— of Love.



## II.

My willing Arms and Thighs shall clip,  
And Ivy-like thy Limbs entwine,  
When from thy Balsam Mouth I'll sip  
A sure restoring Medicine.  
And in the respits of our sport,  
Thou shalt be Pearl, they Diamond Eye,  
'Cause Nature made her sweet so short,  
And shame me to a fresh supply.

## III.

My busie Hand and Lips shall rove  
O're all the sweets thy Beauties were,  
And in thy Honey-suckle Grove  
I'll distil what I gather'd there.

They bold and thy provoking touch,  
Shall Loves Alembick so apply,  
And shew, thy Chymick skill is such,  
That I must melt in Love and dye.

## IV.

And being thus bereft of breath,  
Lovers still at my Tomb appear,  
Wishing themselves no worse a Death,  
Nor better Life than I had here :  
Ladies shall sighing drop a tear,  
As with pure love and pity mov'd,  
That such a constant Servant here  
Should dye because he over-lov'd.

## The Prodigal's Resolution.

I am a lu - sty lively Lad, ar - riv'd at one and twenty, my Father left me  
 all he had, both Gold and Silver plenty, now he's in Grave, I will be  
 brave the La - dies shall a - dore me, I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this, my  
 Dad did so before me, I'll court and kiss, what hurt's in this, my Dad did so before me.

## II.

My Father to get my Estate,  
 Though selfish, yet was flavish ;  
 I'll spend it another rate,  
 And be as lewdly lavish.  
 From Madmen, Fools and Knaves he did  
 Litigiously receive it ;  
 If so he did, Justice forbid  
 But I to such should leave it.

## III.

Then I'll to Court, where *Venus* sport  
 Doth revel it in plenty ;  
 And deal with all, both great and small,  
 From twelve to five and twenty.  
 In Playhouses I'll spend my Days,  
 For there are store of Miles ;  
 Ladies make room, behold I come,  
 To purchase many Kisses.



O Ye blest Powr's pro-pitious be un-to my growing Love, none can cre-



ate my Mi-se-ry, if Cloe but con-stant prove, tell her, if that she pity-----



me, from her you'll ne'er re---move, from her you'll ne'er re-move.



## II.

Each breeze of Air my Groans shall bear

Tell her, ah tell that pretty Thief,

Unto her gentle Breast ;  
Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,  
I never can be blest,  
If she refuse to be my Dear,  
I never can have rest.

I dye through her disdain.

## IV.

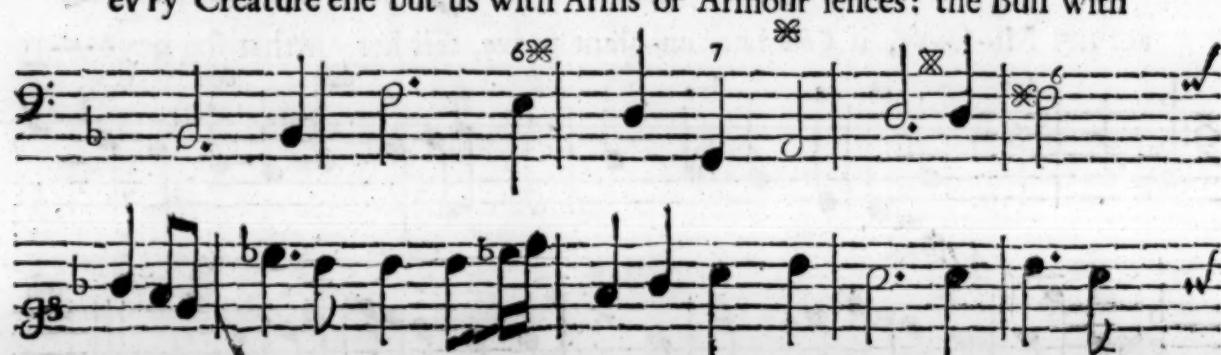
Likely she may with piteous Eyes,  
When dead, my Hearse survey ;  
And when my Soul 'mongst Deities  
Doth melt in sweets away ;  
Then may she curse those Victories,  
That did my Heart betray.

## III.

Ye Groves, that hear each day my grief,  
Bear witness of my pain ;  
Tell her, I dye, if no relief  
I from her pow'r can gaine.



I wonder why Dame Nature thus her various Gifts dispences; she  
 ev'ry Creature else but us with Arms or Armour fences: the Bull with



bended Horns she arms, with Hoofs she guards the Horse, the Hare can



nimbly run from harms, all know the Lyons force.



## II.

The Bird can danger fly on's Wing,  
 The Fish with Fins adorns;  
 The Cuckold too that harmleſſ thing,  
   His patience guards and's Horns:  
 And Men she valiant makes and wise,  
   To ſhun or baffle harms;  
 But to poor Women ſhe denies  
   Armour to give, or Arms.

## III.

Instead of all, ſhe this does doe,  
 Our Beauty ſhe bestows,  
 Which ſerves for Arms and Armour too,  
   'Gainſt all our pow'rfull Foes.  
 And 'tis no matter, ſo ſhe doth,  
   Still beauteous Faces yield,  
 We'll conquer Sword and Fire, for both  
   To Beauty leave the Field.



Love is -a Bau-ble<sup>6</sup> no Man is able to say, it is this, or 'tis that,



an--idle pa--ssion of such a fashion, 'tis like I cannot tell what, an idle



pa--ssi--on of such a Fashion, 'tis like I cannot tell what, -what,



what, 'tis like I ---cannot tell what.



## II.

Fair in the Cradle, foul in the Saddle ;  
Always too cold or too hot ;  
An errant Lyar, fed by desire,  
It is, and it is not.

## III.

A privy mischief, and such a fly Thief,  
No man knows where him to find.

Love is a Fellow, clad all in yellow,  
The Canker-worm of the Mind ;

## IV.

Love is a wonder, 'tis here, 'tis yonder,  
'Tis common to all men we know,  
A very cheater, ev'ry one's beater,  
Then hang him and let him go.

**H**E that marries—a Girl, —a Girl that's fair, if he be a Cuckold a  
 Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuc, Cuckold, a Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuck, Cuckold, he  
 needs not despair— he needs not despair, —— He may go to Heaven  
 without a Prayer, for the Sins of his Wife shall fave —— him, shall  
 save —— him, shall fave —— him. —— But he that  
 marries an ug—ly Whore, runs ev'ry ev'ry day in the Devils Score, runsev'ry ev'ry

6 76 86 6 66 b 486 6 6 b 6 6 b 486 6  
 6 6 b 6 6 b 486 6 6 b 6 6 b 486 6  
 6 6 b 6 6 b 486 6 6 b 6 6 b 486 6

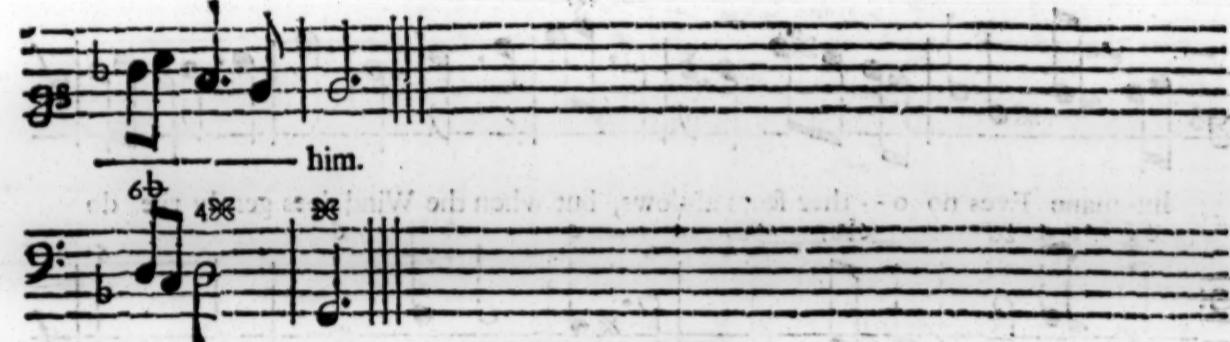
( 11 )



Day in the Devils in the Devils score, --has a--- Hell up---on Earth, and a--no-ther in Store, ---and at



length, and at length the Devil will have



### C A T C H.



C Ome let us drink, let us love, while we have a — ny breath, there's nei—ther

:S:



drinking, nor pleasure, nor love af-ter death: Ev'—ry one take a full Glass of good



Wine in his hand, and all to—gether dis- charge at the word of Command.

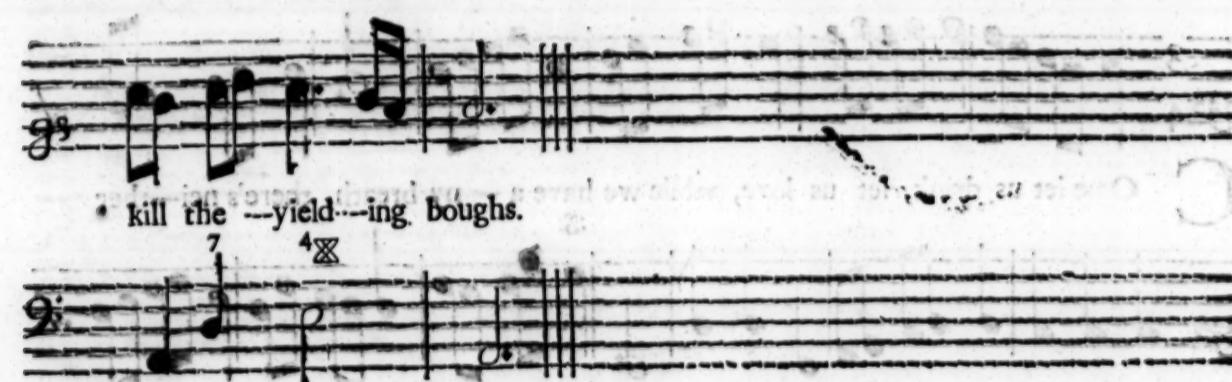
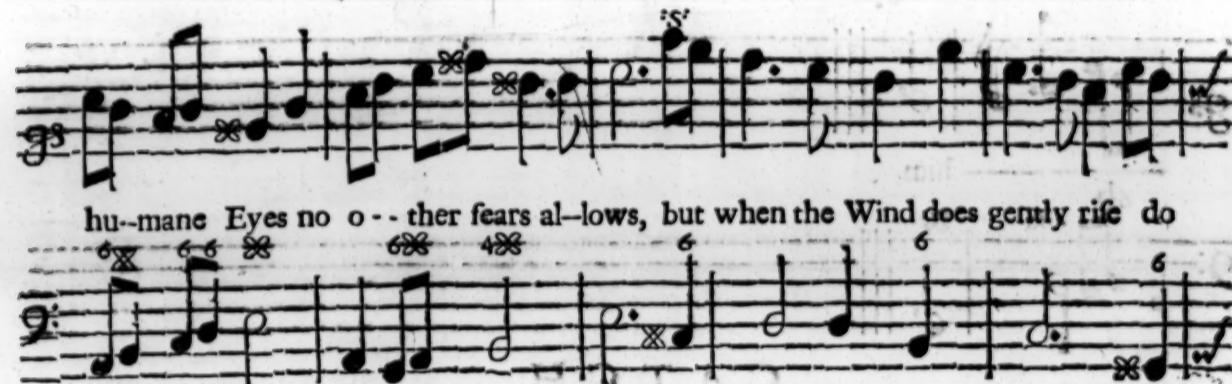
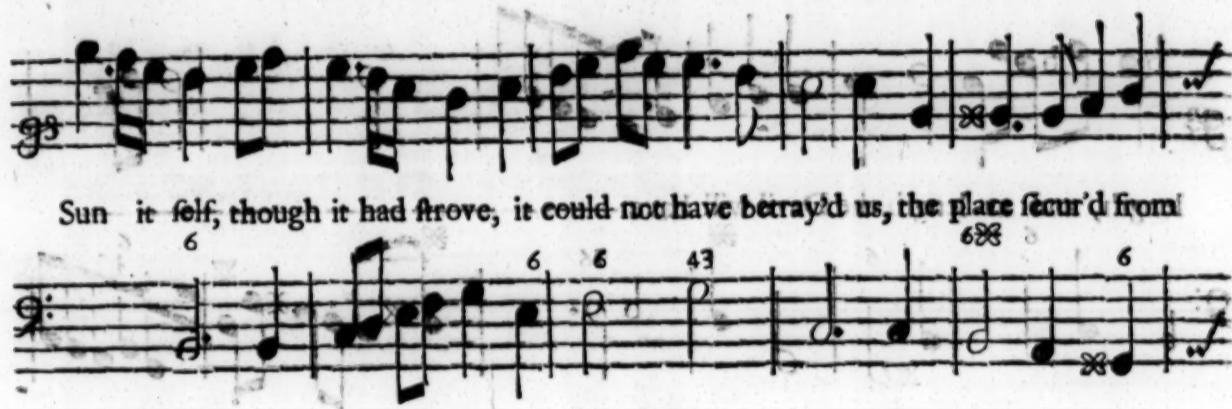
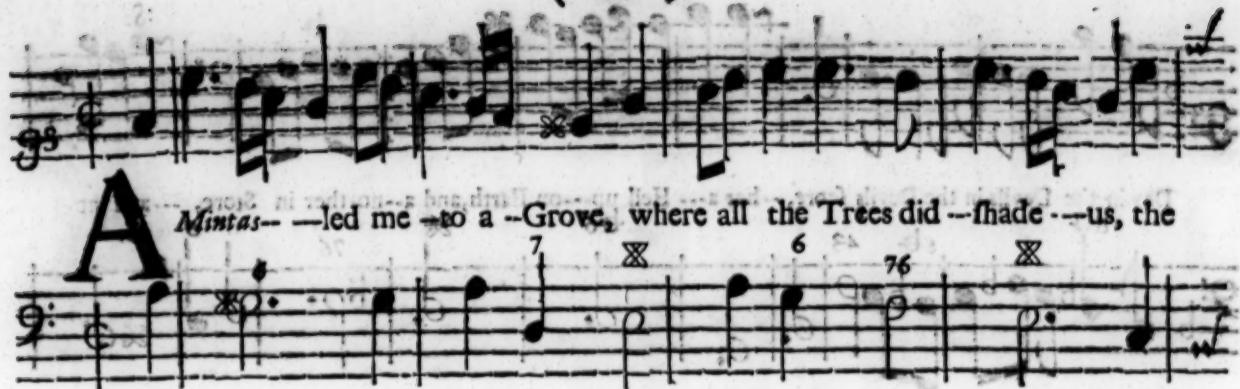


Beau—ty and Wine does the stoutest and greatest in—spire, here,— here is their



Majesties health, now brave Boys come give Fire.

( 12 )



## II.

Down there we sate upon the Mois,  
And did begin to play  
A thousand wanton tricks, to pass  
the great head of the Day.  
A many Kisses he did give,  
And I receiv'd the same;  
Which made me willing to believe  
That what I dare not name.

## III.

His charming Eyes no aid requir'd,  
To tell their am'rous Tale  
On her, that was already fir'd,  
'Twas easie to prevail:  
He did but kiss, and clasp'd me round,  
Whilst those his thoughts exprest,  
And laid me softly on the ground,  
O who can guess the rest.



Troy had a breed of brave stout Men, of brave stout Men, a breed of brave stout  
Though *Hector* was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, *Hector* was a Trojan



Troy had a breed of brave stout Men, of brave stout Men, a breed of brave  
Though *Hector* was a Trojan true, a Trojan true, *Hector* was a Trojan



Men, yet *Greece* made shift, yet *Greece* made shift, yet *Greece* made shift to rout her, 'cause each Man drank as  
true, as e - - - ver piß'd 'gen Wall, as ever piß'd - 'gen Wall, 'gen wall Sir, *A - chil - les* bang'd him



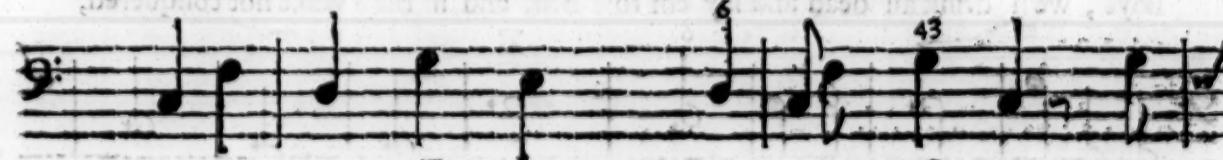
stout Men, - - yet *Greece* made shift, yet *Greece* made shift, made shift to rout her, - - 'cause each man  
true, as e - ver piß'd 'gen Wall, as e - ver piß'd 'gen Wall Sir, *A - chil - les*



much as ten, as much as ten, and thence, and thence grew ten times stouter, and thence, and  
black and blue, black and blue, for he drank more, drank more than all Sir, for he drank



drank as much as ten, as much as ten, and thence grew ten times stouter, and  
bang'd him black & blue, black and blue, for he drank more than all Sir, and for



( 14 )



thence grew ten times stou — — ter.  
more, drank more than all — — Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of



thence, and thence grew ten times stouter.  
he drank more, drank more than all Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of



War, we shall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we shall fear nothing then

[Brisk]



War, we shall fear nothing then Boys, nothing then Boys, we shall fear nothing then

56

✉

✉

✉



Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,

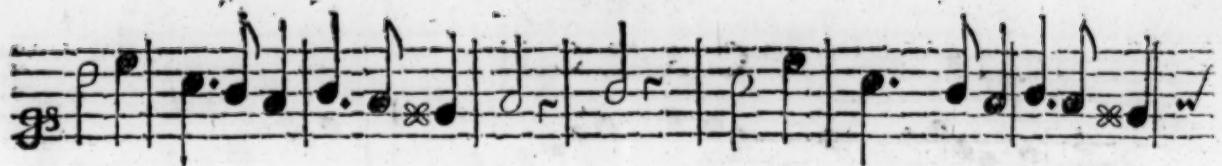


Boys, we'll drink all dead and lay 'em to Bed, and if they wake not conquered,

6

✉





we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again



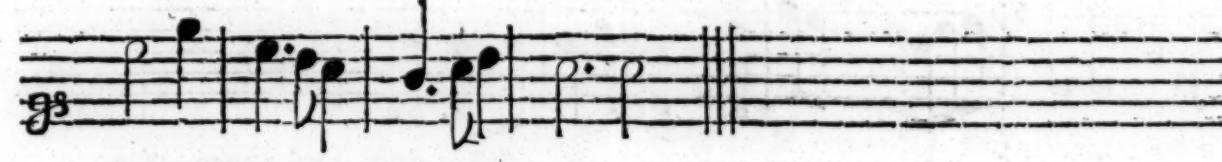
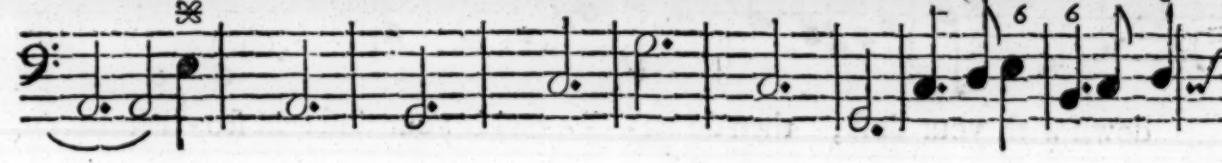
we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys, Boys we'll drink 'em — dead again



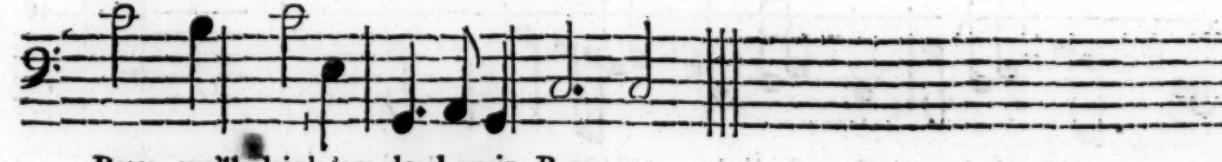
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



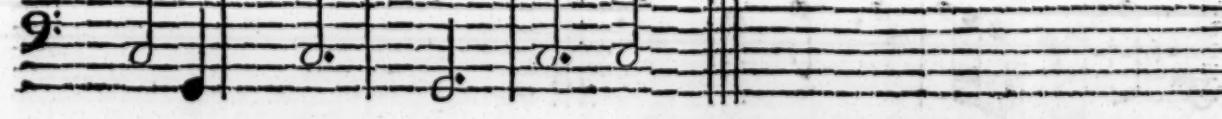
Boys, and if they wake not conquered, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys, Boys,



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



Boys, we'll drink 'em dead again Boys.



### III.

Nor were the *Græcians* onely fam'd  
For drinking and for fighting ;  
But he that drank and wan't ashamed,  
Was ne'er ashamed on's Writing.

### IV.

He that will be a Souldier then,  
Or Wit, must drink good Liquor ;

It makes base Cowards fight like Men,  
And roving thoughts fly quicker.

Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,  
And God of Wit, and then Boys,  
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,  
And if the Sun set with his light,  
We'll drink him up again Boys.

## C A T C H.



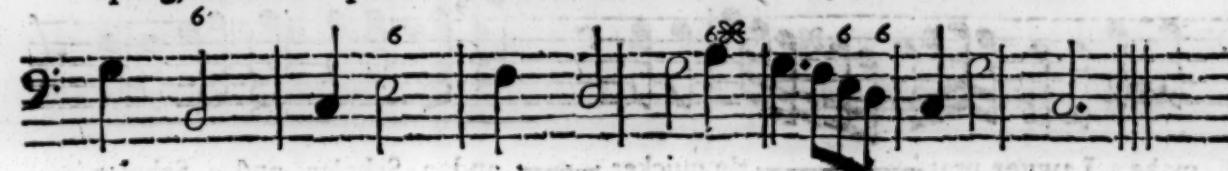
I F any so Wise is, that Sack he de-spi-ses, let him drink his small beer and be



So— ber, and be So—ber, while we drink Sack and Sing, as if it were



Spring, he shall droop like the Trees in Octo—ber, in O—cto—ber.



## II.

Be sure over night,  
If this Dog do you bite,  
You take it henceforth for a Warning,  
Soon as out of Bed  
To settle your Head,  
Take an hair of his Tail in the morning.

Then be not so Silly,  
To follow old Lilly,  
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,  
Let his *Ne affuecas*  
Be but in his Capcase,  
And Sing, *Bibito Vinum Fejunsu*.

## A Catch for 4. Voices.



C Ome Drawer come, come come, and draw good Wine, for Wine doth all our

:S: :S:



Wits our Wits, re fine, By drinking Liquors Liquors of the Rhine, We grow, We

:S:



grow to—gether more divine.

## II.

'Tis nothing nothing, better than the shine,  
Of such a clear and Sparkling Sparkling Wine.

Then drink my Boy, my Boy the Glass is thine,  
I'll pledge thee when the Glass, the Glass is mine.

F

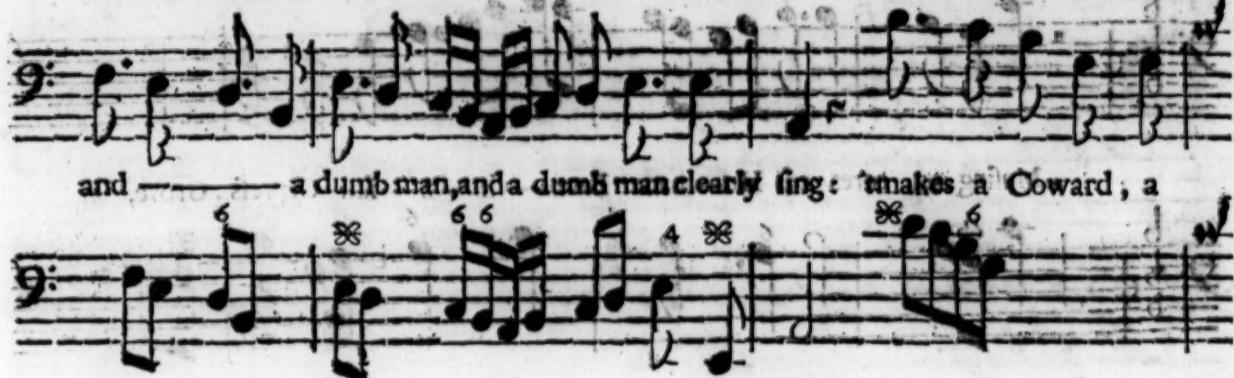
## IV.

## The Cavaliers Catch.

Doe you see this Cup of Liquor, how — in — vi — tingly it looks ; 'twill make a  
 Doe you see this Cup of Liquor, how — in — vi — tingly it looks ; 'twill  
 Lawyer prat — — — tle quicker, and a Scholar, and a Scholar, and a  
 make a Lawyer prat — — — tle quicker, — and a Scholar, and a Scholar,  
 Scho — — — lar burn his Books. 'Tmakes a Cripple for to Caper, and a  
 and a Scho — — — lar burn his Books. — 'Tmakes a Cripple for to Caper,



dumb man clearly sing, and a dumb man clearly sing: 't makes a Coward draw his



and ——— a dumb man, and a dumb man clearly sing: 't makes a Coward, a



Rapier, draw his Rapier: Here's a Health, here's a Health to *William* our



Cow-ard draw his Rapier: Here's a Health, a Health to *William* our



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.



King, here's a Health to *William* our King.





Musing on cares of Hu-mane Fate in a sad Cy—pres—Grove, —a



Musing on cares of Hu-mane Fate — in — a — sad Cypress Grove,



strange di—spute I heard—of—late — 'twixt Ver—tue—Fame and



— a strange — di — spute I — heard — of — late — 'twixt Virtue, Fame and



Love, a pen — five shepherd ask'd — ad — vice, and their — o — pi — nions crav'd, how



Love, — a pen — five shepherd ask'd advice, and their opi — nions crav'd,



he might hope to be so wise, to get — a — place be — yond the



— how he might hope to be so Wise, to get a — place be —



Skies, and how—— he—— might—— be fav'd, and how—— he—— might be fav'd.

A musical score for the bassoon part, page 10, measures 11-12. The score shows a bassoon line with various notes and rests, including a sixteenth-note cluster and a sustained note with a fermata. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). Measure 11 ends with a fermata over the last note. Measure 12 begins with a sixteenth-note cluster.

yond the Skies, and how--- he might be---fav'd, and how he might be fav'd.

II.

Nice Virtue preach'd Religions Laws,  
Paths to eternal Rest,  
To fight his King, and Countries cause,  
Fame counsel'd him, was best:  
But Love oppos'd their noisy Tongues,  
And thus their Votes outbrav'd,  
Get, get a Mistress fair and young,  
Love fiercely, constantly and long,  
And then thou shalt be Sav'd.

III.

Swift as a thought the am'rous Swain,  
To *Sylvia's* Cottage flies,  
In soft expressions told her plain,  
The way to Heavenly joys:  
She who with piety was stord,  
Delays no longer crav'd,  
Charm'd by the God, whom they adord,  
She smil'd and took him at his word,  
And thus they both were sav'd.

38 4

Young Strephon and Phillis they sat on — a Hill, but the Shepherd was

Wanton, was Wan — — ton and would not sit still, the Shepherd was  
6 6 7

A musical score for bassoon, page 6, showing measures 1 through 6. The score is in bass clef, common time, and consists of six measures. Measure 1: A dotted half note followed by a quarter note. Measure 2: A dotted half note followed by a quarter note. Measure 3: A dotted half note followed by a quarter note. Measure 4: A dotted half note followed by a quarter note. Measure 5: A dotted half note followed by a quarter note. Measure 6: A dotted half note followed by a quarter note.

G

II.

As the Shepherd's tumbled, the rude wind got in,  
And blew up her Cloathes and her Smock to her Chin:  
The Shepherd he saw the bright *Venus*, he Swore,  
For he knew her own Dove, by the Feathers she wore,

Till Furious Love Sallying,  
At last he fell dallying,  
And down down, he got him,  
But oh, oh how Sweet, and how Soft at the Bottom.

## The Doubtfull Lover Resolv'd.

**F** Ain wou'd I — Love, — but that I — fear I quick — — ly shou'd the  
*Wil — low wear; fain wou'd — I marry — but — Men say, when*  
*Love — is try'd, he — will — away: then tell — me — Love, what*  
*I — shall — doe, what — I — shall doe, to — cure these fears, when — ee'r I woe.*

## IL

The fair one, she's a mark to all,  
 The Brown one each doth Lovely call,  
 The Black a Pearl in fair Men's Eyes,

The rest will stoop to any Prize,  
 Then tell me Love, what I shall do,  
 To cure these Fears, when-ee'r I Woe.

## III.

The Shepherdess blushing to think what she'd done,  
 Away from the Shepherd fain, fain wou'd have run;  
 Which *Strephon* perceiving the Wand'r'er did seize,  
 And cry'd do be angry fair Nymph if you please:

'Tis too late to be cruel,  
 Thy Frowns my dear Jewel  
 Now no more Stings have got 'em,  
 For oh ! thou'rt all kind and all soft at the bottom!

## REPLY.

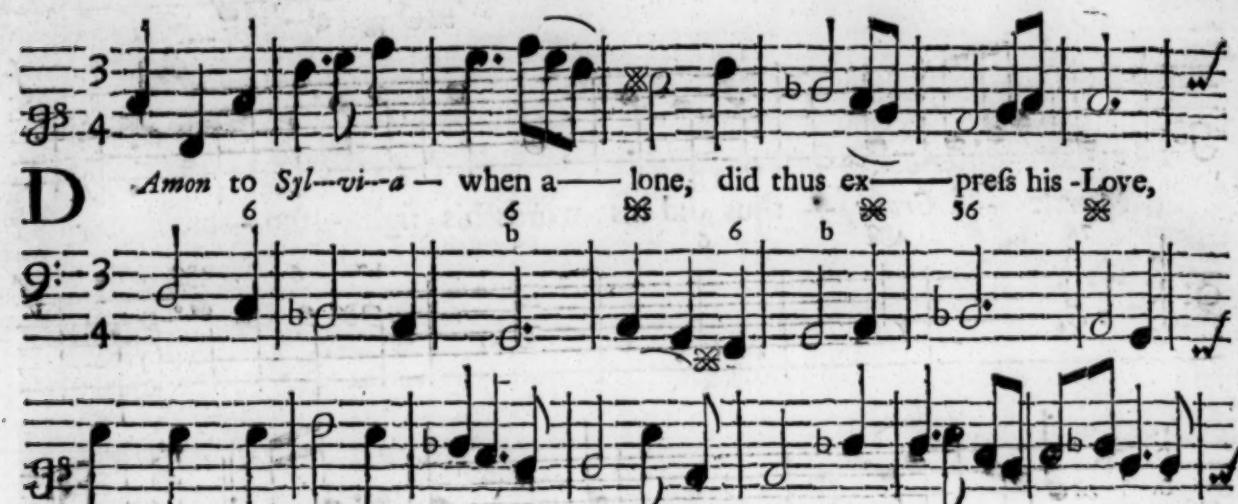
**G** O Lo—ver, know, it — is not —— I that wound with fear or ——  
 6 7  
 Jealousie, with fear or —— Jealousie; —— —— — nor do Men  
 6  
 feel those grievous Smarts, un—till they have con —— fin'd their  
 4  
 Hearts, then if you'll cure your fears you shall Love neither fair, Love neither  
 6 6b 6b  
 Black, Love neither Brown, Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all, but all, but all.  
 6b

(25)

A S-Am'rous Corydon was laid, i'th sha-dy  
Myrtle Grove, thus did his words his sighs up-braid, for  
tel-ling of his Love: ah Trayterous Rebels with-out  
Sence of what her scorn can doe; 'tis I must dye for  
your fence and be thought guilty too, and  
be thought guilty too, and be thought guilty too.



II.  
 Nor can I blame ill Fate for this  
 My wretched hopeless State;  
 Nor yet Philena's Cruelties,  
 Who kills me with her Hate:  
 But your audacious Villanies  
 Occasion this my Fall;  
 Else I had dy'd a Sacrifice,  
 But now a Criminal.



Fair Nymph, I must a Pas---sion own, which else would fa---tal



Prove, can you a Faithfull Shep---herd see,---who Lan---guish---es---in Pain,



and yet so cruel---hear---ted be---to let him Sue---in---vain, to let---him



Sue in --- vain, --- in vain, in --- vain, ---to let---him Sue---in vain?



II.

Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,  
 And wounding Phrases, he  
 Intreated her, to ease desire,  
 And grant some remedy;  
 Allur'd with Am'rous Looks the Maid  
 Bearing he might Prevail,  
 Bogg'd that he wou'd no more Perswade  
 A Virgin that was Frail.

III.  
 Fear not, dear Nymph, Replyes the Swain,  
 There's none can know our Bliss;  
 None can relate our Loves again,  
 While this place silent is.  
 Then Demon with a lov'd Surprize,  
 Leapt close into her Arms,  
 With Ravishing delights he Dyes,  
 And melts with Thousand Charms.

FINIS.